Well sayling ships, and bounteous, windes haue brought.
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Periclet at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles, the toombe, whereat Pericles make lvmention, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuet to wash his face, nor cut his haire,
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares:
And yet he rides it out, Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere.
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tirus the Kings Daughter
On whom foule death hade made this slaughter:
Marina was she calld, and at her birth
That is being proud, swallowed some part ofth' earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heaneas bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares shee'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead.
And beare his courses to be ordered